

# THE GUTHRIE DAILY LEADER

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## LITTLE JOE TALKS TO "PA"

## Bats Out a Few Hot Truths

## REGARDING POLITICS IN Oklahoma as Played by Delegate Flynn and Lieutenants.

Much to the chagrin of Delegate Flynn his gratitude proportion has exploded. The people will have none of it. Evidence supporting this statement is found in the hard, oft-repeated fact that Mr. Flynn's meetings in western Oklahoma were miserable failures. Six and also four years ago, Mr. Flynn drew like a hard-bottomed mustard plaster in the Cheyenne and Arapaho country. The farmers would hitch up their teams and placing wife and children in the bed of the wagonette would drive long, weary miles in order to "hear our Dennis talk." And my, how Dennis did talk. He split infinitives, put resin on metaphors and built bon fires under his rhetoric. And the people cheered. The men cheered; the women cheered and all the boys were christened "Dennis."

Now all is changed.

The boys who were christened "Dennis" are behind the plow now, and while they are yet unable to vote, they are administering some good advice to "their old men."

Down in Washita county, where all nature is serene and where the farmer, far removed from the excitement of town life, has a better opportunity than the townsmen, to commune with himself and ponder over what has been told him by the campaign spell-binder, a fourteen-year-old boy, who reads the papers, has his father out behind the barn, and this is what he is telling him:

"I'll tell you how it is pop; it's just this way. You think you are beholden to Mr. Flynn because our farm is "free" had you have nothing to look after except that mortgage for \$800, which is drawing your interest money in one of Mr. Flynn's numerous banks. You think you are grateful to Flynn, and believe you ought to support him again, because the free homes bill passed. Now the fact is, father, if that free homes bill had not passed you would not have had that mortgage for \$800 since you had two more years in which to prove up on this claim. You remember, father, that in 1896 Mr. Flynn passed through here and promised faithfully to get free homes and on the strength of his assertion you went to work and gave a mortgage for \$800. You remember that Mr. Flynn failed to make good his promise, and you had a dozen of a hard time to raise the money to pay off that mortgag; in fact, you remember, father, that had it not been for ma's folks back in Iowa we'd lost the bridle leather, the gray mare and all the shoots. Even then, father, you did not let up on singling Mr. Flynn's praises. I remember hearing you say: 'Well, Dennis'll get there; he is one of the modest, unassuming chaps, who works while others sleep; he kinder fooled me on the mortgage proposition, but—and here you swelled up, father—"he's not in congress, anyway; he was beaten by Callahan." And then you remember, father, how we read the papers and saw where Mr. Callahan had the free homes bill up in the committees for consideration; how it

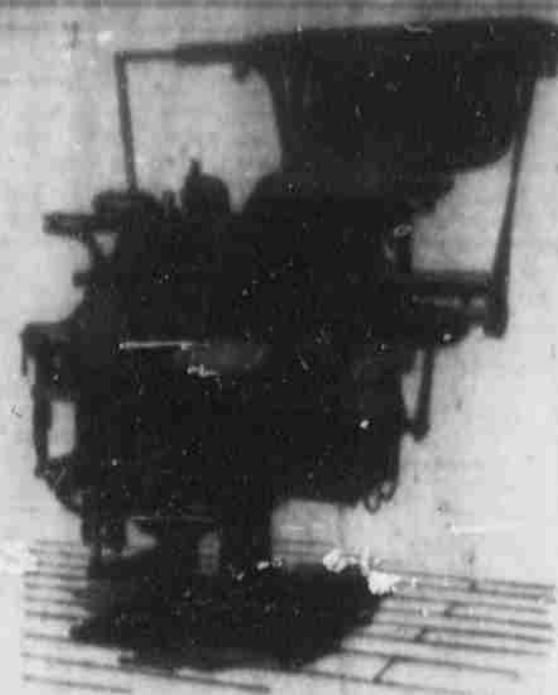
passed the Senate committee, and how Mr. Flynn plugged the measure in the House committee, simply because he did not want Mr. Callahan to get the credit for the passage of the measure. That kinder averse you, pop, you remember, and you exclaimed that either somebody was trying like the very Tom Walker or else Mr. Flynn wasn't being fair with his promises. And then when I showed you the Congressional Record touching on the lying proposition, you said that Dennis had his sufficient reasons for playing Rough Rider with the bill, because the Congressional Record was a staid journal, and not in the habit of diverging itself from the truth so far as the actual proceedings of the law-making body were concerned. You said, father, that if the bill had passed you would have

mortgaged the place for \$800 and paid off the mortgage within four months. But everything went gang aft gae. Then came the campaign of 1896 and Mr. Flynn with it. Mr. Flynn had run himself almost to death in trying to escape the nomination at El Reno. And Mr. Flynn said right over there in the school house: 'If you do not re-elect me to congress, you shall not have free homes.' You remember, father, that made you and ma and me a little bit buffy. We didn't like threats. But we swallowed our Huff, and on election day we fixed you up and sent you to the polls with another "behinden to Flynn" expression on your face. Well, after being elected to congress that time Mr. Flynn couldn't afford to risk another set of promises, so he hustled. He pooled with Eddy, with Lacy, with Pettigrew, with McRae, and a lot of other fellas, and finally, the free homes bill passed. No sooner had the bill passed when Mr. Flynn made the wires hot with 'I did it.' And Mr. Eddy made the wires hot with 'I did it.' And Mr. McRae made the wires hot with 'We did it.' And Mr. Pettigrew, away up in Dakota, set the reservationers merry by wiring: 'Congress has passed the free homes bill.' It wasn't Flynn's free homes bill that passed; father, it was the general free homes measure in which the constituency of sixty-three congressmen were interested. Away up in the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota, Congressman Eddy doesn't know Flynn, father; he is telling those oily Scandinavians that had it not been for his alertness and vigilance, the mortgages on 900,000 acres of land in the Minnesota reservation never would have been lifted. Now, father, what are we to believe in all this muddle? Who do you think is properly entitled to the credit for the passage of the free homes bill? Is the voice of a voteless delegate worth more than the actual vote of a congressman from a state district? After Mr. Flynn had galvanized into life the memorable words: 'I did it,' he subjected himself to an interview and then hurried home. And what did Mr. Flynn do after he reached the territory, father? He surprised you, didn't he? Own up, now. He said: 'You see what I have done for the people of Oklahoma; these homesteaders must be grateful to me; they shall be; their gratitude to me will be expressed at the polls by a majority of 20,000.' That was a sort of corker, wasn't it, pop? You remember that you had spoken so often about Mr. Flynn's overweening modesty. And my, weren't you surprised when you read his first speech at Guthrie. Regular popper box of 'I wasn't it; almost knocked out ma's eye when she read it.' Ma said: 'Well I'll declare, I'm willing to believe Dennis is some punkin in congress but this speaks as though he were the whole works. Josiah, this attitude business is pretty tame eating. I think you had better go to the polls this year and vote your political sentiments. We've got free homes but we haven't hardly

gotten from under the shadow of the mortgage.'

"And then that's not all, father; you know you do not exactly approve of the methods of Mr. Flynn in reference to the administration and especially his mistreatment of the governor of this territory. You know, papa, that Mr. Flynn for two years has been camping on Gov. Barnes' trail. He had the governor legislatively investigated; he harassed him at Washington and finally plugged every Republican convention in the territory against the administration. Is Mr. Flynn afraid of Barnes, papa, or does he merely want to take two shots with one stone: i.e., elect himself to congress and kill Barnes for reappointment in the event of McKinley's re-election? And if Mr. Flynn is defeated, father, will he lay the blame equally on the Democratic and Populist press of the territory and on the Barnes' administration? You read Barnes' letter, pa; it was a pretty stiff document, wasn't it? Sorter made the hair curl. The governor seems to know whereof he spoke. Now you are a Republican, father, and you like all the Republicans in this section are opposed to factional broils in the Republican party. Now who made the Flynn-Barnes broil? Was it Flynn or Barnes? You know as well as I do that Mr. Flynn lost thousands of votes when he carried on in such a niggardly way at the Guthrie convention. It was his convention, and he could have made Barnes feel worse by acting in a magnanimous manner and having the administration on doozed than by totally ignoring it and throwing a cloud over a Republican legislature. You know you were thinking of running for the legislature, father. Now suppose you had run and had been successful. Suppose you had gone to Guthrie and done what you thought was right by all men and all parties and returned home with the inward consciousness of having done your duty. Then suppose a year after you had returned home, when you were busy harvesting the wheat, Mr. Flynn's convention in Guthrie had gone off record with the statement that the legislature of which you were a member was corrupt and totally unfit for endorsement. Wouldn't it have made you angry, father, to think that the very man whom you had supported for six campaigns filled with hot air and promises, had shied a brick in your direction? Certainly! Well, that's what Mr. Flynn has done. He has turned down a Republican administration on the grounds of corruption and he has shoved the gibosh into a Republican legislature, leaving us nothing to stand on this campaign except 'Flynn.' Now if that's your idea of party harmony, father, it is high time you were getting your load re-blocked.

"Mr. Flynn has simply paralyzed the Republican party in Oklahoma, father. Don't you suppose that the legislators turned down at the dictation of Mr. Flynn have constituents



THE LEADERS LINCOLN.

## KINNAN'S BAD FIX.

### Frontiersman is Placed in Jail for Being Too Convivial.

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"U.S.—Bill Kinnan is confined in the federal jail for introducing one half pint of hooch into the Indian country. The act was committed in the Kiowa and Comanche reservation, while journeying from Mountain View to some point. He had purchased it at the "last man's bar" at the village mentioned above, says J. C. S. to say, for his own consumption. When he entered the train he met several friends, among whom he claims was a prominent land official. Just to be a good fellow, and Bill Kinnan is known elsewhere as such, he drew from his pocket this "red-eye" glass bottom bottle containing oil and passed it around. The contents were soon disposed of and the bottle broken from the window of the car. A few days later Bill says he was arrested for "introducing" and it has caused him a pack of trouble. He is endeavoring to free himself from the meshes of the jail and return to his happy home at Hardin. His attorney will arrive some time this week with the proper papers.

Bill Kinnan is one of the best known men in Oklahoma. He is remembered by the oldest pioneers of western Kansas when he was engaged in building new towns. As a new town builder he is a graduate and entitled to a diploma. Now he is interested in a proposed townsite in the Kiowa and Comanche country. He has asked the government to reserve a quantity of selected land which he has picked out and drafted into a townsite. He believes that his present incarceration is a scheme put up by a lot of designing fellows to deprive him of his liberty while they loot his new project. At Hardin his wife is postmistress. She was appointed some time ago and has exclusive charge of it.

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